

## CALL OF THE EAST TO GOTHAM SLUMS

Oriental Kindliness and Indolence Stronger Than Occidental Activity.

### SERIOUS PROBLEM CONFRONTS GOTHAM

Workers in Chinatown Divided as to Best Way of Remedying Evil.

(Continued from First Page.)

smoking her life away in a Chinese opium joint.

That is one of the ways the seed is sown.

"You no smoke? Tly, feellee good."

She was out with a party of "slummers," the girl spoken to this time.

"I wonder how it feels to puff opium. I wonder if there is any sensation?" she asked, half-tempted. "I dare you to try," urged a companion.

She did, and today her story is the same.

And thus, they told me in Chinatown, in the forgetfulness of opium fumes and for a little piece of bric-a-brac or feminine finery, the undoing of many an American girl has been wrought.

#### Problems Confronting Workers Among Chinese.

Perhaps if the murdered body of Elsie Sigel, the young missionary girl, had not been found in a trunk in the rooms of Leong Ling, an unknown public might have slumbered on, oblivious to the real story of New York's Chinatown. Even now but a faint understanding is had of the great unsolved problem behind it all—whether Americans, and especially American girls, shall teach the Chinaman to forsake the teachings of Confucius and turn to the precepts of the Christian.

I spent three days and nights in the high places and the low places of Mott, Pell, and Doyers streets. I mingled with policemen who are still hunting Leong Ling; with missionaries; with white women who are living lives of indolence as the wives of Chinamen, and with the Celestials themselves. Every lip, it seemed, had a different story to tell. The theorists are at variance. One group of reformers is attempting to Christianize the Chinaman—another group turns its endeavors to rescuing white girls who are already in Chinese dives, and are content, if this can be accomplished, to let the Oriental return to his idols.

#### White Girls Lured To Luxury and Idleness.

And while this war of methods is in progress, and while this theory and that is advanced as being the true solution of the problem, there really exists in fact so plainly that anyone who investigates even half-heartedly must realize it, a most startling state of affairs. The revelations incident to the Sigel murder mystery gives but a partial insight into that admittedly fascinating section known as Chinatown.

It is impossible to picture in print the more sordid side of all the strange, unbelievable things I saw. The ordinary sight-seer gets but a fleeting glimpse of these people as they live. They see nothing of the gambling houses with their underground passages to the street behind; the basement dives where a fat, athletic Chinaman and an emaciated, opium-crusted white woman live together as man and wife; of mysterious nooks where the supply of opium is kept; of the midnight revels of young girls who frequent the dingy restaurants and talk unblushingly of the days and nights spent in the haze of blue opium smoke, of the careless, indolent lives and of their advantages over other girls who sweeter in department stores uptown.

#### Dora Freeland, The Missionary Girl.

I went with detectives furnished by Capt. Mike Galvin, who is cleaning up Chinatown, and with a woman missionary. Their word was an open sesame to these places seldom seen by any save Oriental eyes. The story of the things seen there will tell itself and after you have followed its ramifications you, too, will have your theory about the Chinaman, his religion, and our missionaries.

In one of the opium dens of the better class, comparatively speaking, we found Dora Freeland, otherwise known as the wife of Chung Wee. She is a woman of about thirty-five years of age, intelligent, alert, a good business woman and not at all bad looking. Fifteen years ago she would have been considered beautiful. Her eyes are large, brown and extremely frank in their expression. Despite the fact that she has long been accustomed to the role of a Chinaman's wife, there comes into them at times a look of longing for the better things. Several times she seemed almost on the verge of saying as her face took on a sad, far away look, that she intended to leave it all. Then she broke off abruptly and would say:

"I don't know what I am going to do—yet."

#### Serves Chung Wee With Pride and Faithfulness.

Years ago, she told me, she was a Philadelphia missionary and a choir singer and organizer for the Sunday Breakfast Association. She came to New York to work, and while on one of the "slumming" parties that one sees every night in Chinatown, she was struck with the gentleness of the Oriental. Just how she became enmeshed in the web that holds with grip of steel scores of her kind need not be told here, but she seemed to be half-way content. "The boss" she calls Chung Wee, who runs a little tobacco and tea store in a back room not ten by twelve in size. She talked freely while "the boss" was out.

"Like all of the rooms in which the Chinese smoke and dream their lives

## Characteristic Doyer Street Scene and the Man Who Is Cleaning It Up



CAPT. MICHAEL GALVIN,  
Head of Sixth Police Precinct, Who is  
"Cleaning Up" Chinatown.



Typical Chinese Store—With Costly Oriental Ware and Bric-a-Brac Like This the Women Missionaries Are Deluged.  
"Chuck" Connors, Noted Chinatown Character, in the Foreground.

away half its space is occupied by a matting covered bunk upon which sometimes four and five Chinamen lay in varying degrees of stupor the opium outfits between them. Above, out into the wall, is another bunk. It is here that "the boss" shambles off to bed when his dreams are restless and when the long used pipe grows too heavy to be held in flaccid hands. At four the next afternoon we dropped in again and the Chinaman was just having his breakfast of rice, Dora Freeland, with all the pride that she might show in ministering to a king, serving the meal.

#### To His White Slave.

"And why are you here and why are these other white women here? What is the fascination about it all?" I asked. "Well, I don't know," she began. "I guess it's the kindness of the Chinaman as much as anything else. Dispute the fact that in their own country the women are slaves, there are no more gentler people on earth than the Chinamen when an American woman is concerned. They divine your wishes even in advance. I never have to ask for a glass of water. It is proffered me. There is nothing a Chinaman won't do for his white wife. Abuse is unknown. "I can't say that there is love to any great extent in the life. But kindness means everything to a woman and when a woman who has had a hard struggle comes to Chinatown it seems there is something soothing about the way these Orientals move about in their soft slippers, in their sing-song tones and in their constant puff, puff upon a bamboo pipe. Perhaps they'll become fascinated and stay, just as I did, although when I started in missionary work I never dreamed of such a thing."

#### Opium's Ravages Show on the Girls.

This woman doesn't look like an opium smoker. She has the reputation of not being one. For that reason, therefore, the ravages of the habit upon the next white wife we enter. Then she lay back, a frail, watery-eyed, weak creature, a pitiable victim of the fumes that were everywhere about us. For fourteen years, it was said, she had lived the life in which we found her.

George, on the other hand, was fat, sleek, robust, and as energetic a Chinaman as I have ever seen. He traveled once with a minstrel show. He stopped smoking long enough to sing a coon song in Chinese. At least, he so described it. He seemed to take a positive delight in preparing the opium for the smoke, jabbering incessantly until it reached just the proper consistency to be placed in the pipe. Then he puffed a few times and silently offered it to the white woman, who lay curled on the opposite side of the bunk. She clutched it eagerly, her thin, wax-colored fingers in striking contrast to the blackened bamboo, colored through sixty-four years' constant use by Yee and his ancestors.

#### Prince Henry Wanted His Pipe.

It is said that Prince Henry, on his visit to this country some years ago, offered Yee a fabulous sum for this old opium pipe. He told us, in broken English, that it was not for sale. "All samee good, you smokee opium?" asked Yee, as somebody in the gaping throng spoke of the effects of the drug. Then with Oriental civility the prized pipe was offered to anybody who chose to seek oblivion through its menacing mouth.

There are two peculiarities of Chinatown residents that strike the seeker after information there. No Chinaman, although he may have his scales, his measuring shells and his opium bottles upon a nearby shelf, will admit that he acquires the drug. No white woman, no matter how emaciated she may be nor how apparent may be the effects of years of "hitting the pipe," as it is called there, will admit smoking it. Another peculiarity is the antipathy of the Chinaman toward the user of cocaine, the "coke fiends," as they are referred to, as they walk in a daze about the hovels of Chinatown. And of the two, those who have had years of experience with these people say that the cocaine fiend is the most unfortunate and the quickest to die.

#### The "Coke" Fiend Who Once Was Pretty.

As Detective Miller, Nammick, the missionary, Mrs. Morris, and I sat in a little hole-in-the-wall, called a restaurant, in Doyers street, one night, a girl of scarce sixteen, wild-eyed, nervous, but pretty withal, came in. "Got change for a five, chink?" she asked. "No change," replied the suave proprietor. "She's a 'coke'!" said the detective, simply. "They are worse than the

opium smokers. A beautiful girl she would be, too, if it wasn't for the 'habit.'" This girl, I afterward learned, occupies a room in one of the most squalid buildings of Chinatown. Her closest associates are Chinamen.

Following the murder of Elsie Sigel and the crusade inaugurated by the police, the Chinamen, good and bad, for to do them justice, there are both and exclusive. Stumbling parties, except in the restaurants and curio shops, are not as welcome as they used to be. Every one, more or less, is eyed with suspicion. The rival tongues are at war among themselves and the curious white man or woman is not wanted. I found that of late the stranger is regarded either as a crusader or a meddler.

#### "Chinks" Averse To the Camera.

The man with the camera is eyed with particular aversion. Attempt to take a street scene, and there is an immediate run for cover by practically every Celestial in the block. There are wild gestures, much excited talk, and a constant menacing wag of the head of the older men.

An inside flashlight of two opium dens, a stupefied woman in one of them, was obtained with the utmost difficulty. Upon entering the low-ceilinged, dingy place was filled with opium smokers. Our mission understood, every man except the proprietor rushed into the alleyway in the rear. Occasionally an enraged Chinaman, would come to the window and hurl some bit of advice to the proprietor with whom we were arguing. Entreaties, money, veiled threats, and repeated assurances that the photographs were not wanted as evidence were necessary before the picture was obtained.

#### All Protect The Opium Supply.

The Chinese are aware of the recent prohibitive duty placed upon opium. Therefore, every tiny jar is being zealously guarded, and the smokers who are able to procure it upon the sly pay dearly for their journey to the temporary land of dreams. The white wife of one Chinaman was willing that a photograph be taken provided a copy be shown to the United States Senators. In order that they, as she reasoned, might understand that opium was necessary to a victim's existence.

That little incident serves to illustrate how white women, some of them still showing unmistakable traces of refined rearing in low dissipated faces, have locked themselves in the little world of Orientalism and its drowsiness. They never see Broadway or the city beyond; some of them seldom stir from the low bunks and their wooden head rests; their life centers in one room, whose most precious furnishing is an inlaid pearl tray, a long bamboo pipe, a small lamp, a jar of opium, and a long piece of wire upon which the putty-like narcotic is held over the flame until the more rank odors are gone, and the heat has given it the soothing properties that are craved.

#### How Chinatown Nell First Saw Opium Dens.

Before these more sordid surroundings were temporarily forsaken for interviews with the missionaries and others who are laboring to reclaim Chinatown, some of them being interested in the

girls, some in the Orientals themselves, I talked with another slave to the "habit"—and to the fascination of the Oriental. "Chinatown Nell" will do for a name, for she has lost interest, and the world is little expected to care. She was lying on another one of these curiously made matting bunks. She had finished her smoke, and lay idly, languidly, stupidly gazing at the mean, dingy furniture around her. A Chinaman, evidently her husband, for most of them are called husbands, even if they are not, walked in, said "How," and picking up the discarded pipe, gently shoved the woman over that he might smoke uninterrupted.

#### "Dope's the Thing; It Makes You Forget."

"Did you come in an auto?" she asked, after a strained silence, broken only by an occasional, unintelligible guttural grunt from the Chinaman. "I came down in an auto the first time I saw Chinatown," she said. "I guess if I leave now it will be in an ambulance or the police patrol."

#### "And why is it all? Do you love the Chinamen?" she was asked.

With a feeble attempt at feigned enmity she puckered her lips in scorn. "Love them? Why, what do I care for them? I have grown to hate them. But the 'dope' is the thing. It makes you forget."

"I came down here first on a lark, I tell you—to see the town. We thought it would be the proper thing to take in the slums. Somehow the sight fascinated me. It was all so queer and strange. These jabbering Chinamen, the happy looks upon their faces as they lay smoking those long, queer pipes; their apparent easy life, nothing to do but lie and smoke—and dream. A night or two later I got a girl friend to come with me."

#### Chinamen Jealous Of All White Men.

"We came across a woman who was then living—and is yet, I suppose—the kind of life I am now. She asked me, perhaps for politeness, perhaps for an-

other reason—to try the 'dope.' Well, I don't have to talk about all the rest. It was such a strange, queer feeling that I tried it again and then again. It was nothing but living suicide that I committed. I guess. You see where I am now."

"Yes, the Chinese treat us well. There is no work to do. They keep the opium supplied. It just seems like sleeping your life away. But the Chinese are jealous, even among themselves, and no Chinaman will stand for any attentions toward us from a white man. Other than this, a woman can't complain; that is, after she gets in the life and gets used to it all."

"I don't know about the Sigel affair. It's rather unlike the chicks to kill an' one. They are quiet people, you know, and just want to be let alone. I guess they wouldn't bother an American girl unless she showed that she was fascinated by the kind of life they live." Then she lay back with a tired, careless air and reached for the pipe.

#### Reclaiming Girls From the "Hop Joints."

The "free lance" missionary they call Mrs. Adele B. Morris, who for seven years, following her conversion in the Doyers street mission, has gone about in Chinatown "doing good." She is not a believer in the theory that the average Chinaman either desires or appreciates the efforts of Americans to convert him to the teachings of the Christ. Her work is among the girls and women of Chinatown—those who, through environment or through the fascination of this strange thing called the magnetism of the Oriental, fall a prey to the under life.

At present Mrs. Morris is endeavoring to establish a home for these reclaimed white women. If the necessary \$300, and it seems a small sum, can be raised, there will be food and shelter for every girl who wants to leave the "hop joints" for the opportunity of better things.

"It is impossible to teach religion when your prospective convert has an empty stomach," she says, with the wisdom of experience. "A life of ease

A Doyers Street Restaurant—Detective Miller at the End of the Counter. Mrs. Adele B. Morris, a Missionary, and Mr. Tiller in Background. Some Women Residents of Chinatown in the Foreground.

and indolence, as degrading as it may be, with a Chinaman husband, seems better to the girl who has become accustomed to that life than the empty promise of a future happiness.

#### Attitude Toward Chinese Missionary.

"As to the Chinamen themselves, few of them appreciate the work of the American missionary. There are good ones, I admit, and to them all credit should be given. The average Chinaman, however, harks to the voice of the missionary for two things:

"First—the desire to become acquainted with young American girls.

"Second—the desire to learn the English language and not the teachings of the Bible.

"Substitute men teachers for the young female missionary; subordinate the study of English to the understanding of the Christian religion—and watch your Chinese classes dwindle.

"Chinese mission work is not the sphere in which young girls should work. There are Chinamen who would not take advantage of anyone. On the other hand, it is a significant fact that the most attractive young women teachers are those whose homes are beautified most by costly Oriental bric-a-brac, embroidery, silks, and gifts of all descriptions fashioned and lavished by the most artful Oriental hands.

#### Pretty Gifts For Pretty Girls.

"The gifts in the home of the male teachers and the elder women teachers are inconsequential compared to those that adorn the drawing rooms of girls like Elsie Sigel.

"I believe that for every Chinaman who professes our religion there is an American woman, especially in New York Chinatown, who yields to the allurements of the opium den, the soft tread of an Oriental lord, the entrancing rhythm of his flowing silken robes and to his native kindness.

"If there are no girls to teach them the religion of the Christian nine Chinamen out of ten—so bold as the statement may seem, will continue to kneel in the joss house and will burn his incense and say his prayers to Buddha as of yore.

"And the Celestial is not wholly to be blamed. With scarcely ten Chinese women in our Chinatown, as it is remarkable that the man from the Far East, with the acuteness born of the forefathers, should meet half way the American girl who by her actions and by the acceptance of his gifts shows herself to be 'interested'?

#### Mrs. Morris A Free Lance.

Mrs. Morris, who is an earnest, unobtrusive, self-sacrificing woman, and a most unflinching friend to the unfor-

## FORCING WOMEN TO LEAVE THE DENS

New York Police Determined to Make White Girls Get Out.

### CAPTAIN GALVIN BEGINS CRUSADE

Detectives Sent Through "Hop Joints" to Round Up the Smokers.

fortunate young woman, is doing a work that has the sanction of the police who are trying to redeem Chinatown and of church people who, in some form or another, are trying to solve the problem of the Yellow Man and what to do with him.

During the three days and nights that she, in company with Sixth precinct detectives, piloted me through Celestial dens of iniquity, I saw many an empty hand outstretched toward her—and the appeals were not in vain. As a "free lance" missionary, she is one of the staunchest allies of the resolute Captain Galvin, of the Elizabeth street station, whose difficult task it is to bring comparative purity out of vice in Mott, Pell, and Doyers streets.

If Mrs. Morris' plan to establish a home in Chinatown for reclaimed girls, for which she is now asking voluntary contributions, materializes, the girls and women who have recently been ordered by the police to vacate Oriental dens will have somewhere to turn—otherwise, it means the Bowery.

#### Another View Of Mission Work.

Almost as emphatic against the theory of the young woman missionary is Miss Helen F. Clark, head of the Clark Mission in Worth street, who for seventeen years has ministered to the educational and spiritual needs of the Chinese and the Italians in downtown New York.

"You never hear of young women teaching Italians and the other races," said Miss Clark, "why the Chinese?" I have a small class here, thirty or forty is the average. I have been told several times that if I would engage young women teachers my classes would double.

"I would close the door of my mission first, and I have told them so.

"I admit that perhaps the Chinaman is more anxious to learn English than to become a Christian. We manage, however, in teaching English to teach the Bible, too. There are some good Chinamen who forsake Buddha for the new religion. There are others who do not.

#### Americanized, Not Christianized.

"A Chinaman may be Americanized and yet worship at the joss house still. The clipping of his cue and the discarding of their peculiar Oriental robes does not mean that he is Christianized always. It merely signifies that he is Americanized.

"Yes, I have heard of these costly gifts to young girls. These are mainly volunteer teachers, however, who come to the missions on Sunday afternoon, from all parts of New York, and teach for the love of the work. The Christianizing of the heathen Chinese should not be stopped because of the Sigel tragedy, but he should be taught religion for religion's sake, and not for the sake of meeting some American girl."

There are thirty missions in Greater New York interested in making Christians of the Chinese, according to Miss Clark. The murder of Elsie Sigel, she believes, is an unusual tragedy, but even if something of this kind occurs but once in a generation she holds it to be an eloquent substantiation of her theory, for there is many an unknown story of a wrecked life in which the element of actual murder does not figure.

#### Chinamen Plead For His Countrymen.

But there is another side to this problem, a problem of which Miss Clark says she has made a study of seventeen years without solution. There is a certain pathos about it all from the Chinaman's viewpoint. Dr. Lee Towe, a Chinese Christian, superintendent of the Mott Street Methodist Mission, and two white women teachers who stood by and heard his plea, spoke with all the pathetic earnestness of a Celestial groping

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

## Touch Up the Old Porch Chairs

You can make them look like new with

Lucas

Porch and Lawn Enamel

This enamel is made specially for porch and lawn furniture of all kinds. It is ready for immediate application and dries hard in 24 hours. Comes in

SEVEN POPULAR SHADES  
40c per can and up

For sale by

R.M. BROWN

Cor. 7th and N Sts. N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS  
Costs \$1.00

Unquestionably the most famous eyeglass offer ever made. It was done in the first place just to introduce our regular \$2.50 Gold Mounted Eyeglasses, but the demand for them at this remarkably low price has been so enormous that we are practically forced to continue it.

These glasses have perfectly-ground Periscopic Lenses and handsome gold mountings. They are handsome to look at, and wear as well as the most expensive kind you can get.

WE EXAMINE YOUR EYES  
And fit them, prescribing glasses only where they are necessary. SAVES trouble and expense.

**CALLISHER, 917 PA. AVE. N. W.**  
EYE SPECIALIST.

